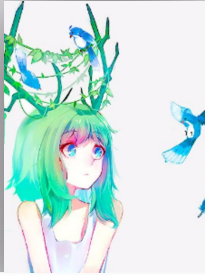




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# A World After Death



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## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

When you die, nothing really changes. There is no heaven. There is no hell. Just a long, endless escape of forest, one point of which you generate in upon death.

Well, okay, you do also grow a pair of horns, but nobody really knows why, and frankly, most don't care.

Over time, people have settled these areas into makeshift houses, areas, towns. We even have the same comforts of earth - restaurants, television, wifi. Not a half bad deal, considering that things like war and famine still exist. But the benefits don't end there. Dying here means absolutely nothing. You'll just regenerate again - even if it is a million miles from your original spot. You can't imagine how many Hitler sightings we have. The police are tired of chasing after him at this point.

It was a sunny Spring day when Amanda Glasier generated on my roof.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



We had a lot of fun, the day we met.

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The first thing I said to her was no for an oath of everlasting friendship. That wouldn't

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"Aww, man," I muttered. "I just got that thing thatched and everything."

She stared at me, her hands wringing sticks and leaves out of her hair. Though I dare not say it, for fear of making myself look more of a baboon, her horns were the first thing I noticed about her. They were long, slender, and altogether gorgeous. Coated in green much akin to moss, a few bluebirds had already begin to gather on her head, perhaps mistaking it for a perch. I don't know if she even realized that she had them yet. She probably didn't.

"Where am I?" she asked, plainly. A quick and to the point question. I was liking her already.

"Would you believe me if I said heaven?"

"Not particularly."

"Good, because it kind of isn't."

We shared our first smile. I'm not sure over what. My statement wasn't particularly funny.

"So, um." She coughed, not exactly sure how to keep the conversation rolling. I smiled.

"Look, I know we just met and all, but do you want to come inside?" I pointed toward my cottage. We were in a particularly isolated neck of the woods, and my surroundings showed that. Trees overgrew and latched around my house. Bugs and birds ran free. And you could see just about every inch of the sky without a hint of noise pollution.

Yeah, it wasn't heaven, but sometimes, it could really feel like it.

She blinked. "I suppose I don't have much of a choice."

"I mean, unless you want to hoof it all the way back to civilization, I suppose not."

"Okay. And, um, before that, one more question."

"Hmm?"

She patted her head. "Why do I have horns, and you don't?"

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by 20hupi

"Of course I have horns!"

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dead monarchs have horns!

"Not everyone, obviously," she responded before looking at my stubborn expression. She sighed as if she had just realized that I wasn't going to be persuaded and reached into her pocket. She withdrew a small mirror, an object that had been with her when she had died, and gave it to me.

I examined the mirror and saw a teenage boy with soft brown hair. Green eyes and a handful of freckles were also in the mirror. But to my astonishment there was no horns.

How could this even be possible? I mean, everyone had horns. The old, the youthful, male and female. Even the little guy who proclaimed himself as god had horns! Why did I not have horns?

Little did I know the real reason was because I hadn't died.

In fact, I was an immortal.

#### Chapter 4 by Coletastrophe



I stared at my hornless face for what felt like hours, feeling the spot on my head where they should be.

"H...how?" I asked, not really expecting an answer. "Why hasn't anybody said anything?"

"I'm not sure," Amanda answered. "Unless they didn't want you to know."

My face went white at this last statement. Why wouldn't they tell me? What did I ever do to them. Well, except tell the guy who called himself God to get out of my house.

"Well," Amanda said, looking out the open door. "it's probably best to sleep on it. The sun is going down."

"Yeah," I mumbled. "your right. You can have the bed if you want. I'll sleep on the couch."

That night, as I lay awake on the poorly made sofa, I reach up and feel the top of my head. Eventually, I fell into a fitful sleep. I dreamed that I was a baby again, crawling around on the ground. Suddenly, I was being lifted up. A woman looked me in the eyes.

"Listen to me, child," the woman said. "You are more special than anyone I have ever met. Please, don't let me go. I love you, my sweet child."

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She set me down in a soggy basket. Only then did I realize that we were outside, rain falling heavily onto the pavement. The woman looked down at me, tears in her eyes, and rang the doorbell of a building we were standing next to. Her last words to me still rang fresh on my ears. Without a sound, she takes off down the street. My mind fades into darkness.

## Chapter 5 by Coletastrophe



I awoke the next morning with the sun shining brightly through an open window. I turned to see if Amanda was still sleeping, but she was nowhere to be found. I squint as my eyes adjust to the bright morning light. Eventually, I stand up and walk outside. Amanda was just sitting there, staring into the sunset. I tried not to spoil the moment, but ended up stepping on a twig. She looked over at me, tears silently spilling down her face.

"It just hit you, didn't it?" I ask.

She nods, "It's just... I can't believe that I'm dead."

"Don't think of it as "death", think of it as a new start."

She smiles at that. I walk over and sit down next to her. She stares into my eyes. As I stare back into hers, a spark of recognition goes off in my brain.

"Do I know you, Amanda?" I question. "Like... from before."

"I don't see how." She answers.

She leans her head onto my shoulder, barely avoiding stabbing me with her horns. Her eyes close as she cries herself to sleep. I'm not sure if she was awake or asleep, or maybe somewhere in between. She begins whispering, most of it was undecipherable. However, one word caught my attention. Well, more of a name.

"Jack" whispers Amanda.

My heart stops.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 6 by 20hug1

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"How do you know him?" I ask. "Like... from before." Amanda looks at me, her eyes closed. "I know Jack... I shuddered at the thought of Amanda knowing the particular Jack who haunted my dreams."

"Jack?" Amanda asked, stopping mid chant and turning towards me. "Jack Liddle? You know him?"

I shut my eyes with enough force to shatter a roof as memories of Jack come back. A figure in black lurking in the shadows, green eyes piercing the night. The drip of liquid on the floor and the screams of that night. All the sensations came back to me and I felt my blood boil.

"Yes, I know him," I strain out, in between the horrendous images that flash past my eyes.

I feel Amanda's mossy horns brush my back and feel her presence. If we weren't two teenagers stuck in the middle of the woods I reckon she would have hugged me then and there. For comfort, obviously.

"I dated him before...Before I died," Amanda responds in a shaky voice. It happens to most people here in *heaven*, they like to make brick walls between death and the time after. "I didn't really like him though."

I open my eyes and turn towards Amanda to see her wipe a tear off her cheek. Taking in a deep breath I respond to the sombre conversation.

"I never really liked my twin brother either."

### Chapter 7 by Coletastrophe



Amanda's face went white with fear. She did know me after all!

"I..." Her eyes started tearing up. "I'm sorry."

I sigh and sit down.

"I knew that I recognized you." I say. "Wait...how did you die?"

Her eyes hit the floor. "I was robbing a convenience store and... I was shot by a policeman."

I look up at her, astonished.

See more of Story Wars

"You listened to him?" I y

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"I don't know." She sobbed into my arm.

I stand up. "Did they catch him?"

"I'm not sure...not before I died anyway."

"If they caught him...he'd definitely be tried as an adult." I say. "Which means he would more than likely be put to death."

"Yeah...Oh no."she said, realizing what I meant.

"We need to get out of here...now!" I yell.

"I need to tell you something first." Amanda gasped. "I...I helped him kill you."

### Chapter 8 by Aηηιє ღειgh (GONE...)



My heart stops, again.

I turn and face her. She is squinting and biting her lip like if I was going to hit her or something. I'm not. She's probably too used to my brother.

She slowly opens one eye and then the other "wait, you're not gonna do anything to me?".

I shake my head. Like usual I mask my anger with kindness "no. I don't care what happened before you died. All that matters is now". That said I help her up, and head back to my cabin. She follows me.

Once inside, I grab two backpacks out of the closet, and fill them with the essentials: food, water bottles, matches, a change of clothes, some money... And I slip a small knife into my pocket.

I hand her one of the backpacks "I grabbed you some of my clothes to change into, Once we reach town we can get you some your size".

She nods timidly and whispers a thank you under her breath.

After we have everything we need, I lock the door behind me and we follow a path through the forest that should lead us to the nearest town about six miles from here.

I turn around one last time and examine my little Paradise. 'I'll come back when it's safe' I promise myself

I sigh and we continue our journey. I notice Amanda has slipped her small hand into mine. She squeezes it tightly, and I look at her. "I kinda like her."

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Chapter 9 by

It was rather enjoyable just her and I. Traveling a road along, with no one else around.

She could be really funny - she could also be awfully stupid. But that was okay, it gave a sense of unexpectedness to our conversations. I never knew when she would exclaim some really random joke and laugh like heck about it, even if I didn't.

As time ticked by, we grew closer to each other. Eventually, she would slip her hand into mine and walk close, our arms rubbing.

It was nice to forget the past, and to live for the future - Our Future.

## Chapter 10 by Alexander



As we neared the next town I started to hear yelling. I looked a bit further past the path and saw smoke in the air. I looked over at Amanda and then back at the distant town. I spotted somebody running our way and as they got closer I pushed Amanda out of the way and into a bush. The person rammed right into me and knocked onto the ground.

I tried to brush the dirt out of my eyes and I looked up to find the person who ran into me. I couldn't find them anywhere. I panicked and looked over to where I pushed Amanda. I let out a sigh of relief when I saw her still lying there unconscious. I got up onto my feet and walked over to her. I reached to grab some water from my bag and when I found my bag wasn't there anymore I realized the person who ran into me stole it.

I grabbed Amanda's water and splashed some on her face in hopes of bringing her back. After about a minute of waiting she started to flutter her eyes open and I let out another sigh of relief.

When she finally got all the way up, she looked at me and asked, "What the hell was that for?!"

"Sorry..... I saw somebody running towards us and my first instinct was to push you out of the way. Turns out the person running stole my bag along with all of our money." I explained.

The screams got louder from where the town was and the smoke was now completely filled with smoke. I motioned for Amanda to follow me towards the town so we could check out what

was going on.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 11 by Annie Bell

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The closer we got to the town, the thicker the smoke had filled my lungs, our lungs, and it was impossible to walk two steps without coughing. I had lifted my sweatshirt

over my mouth, and Amanda had done the same. It didn't help much, but it was somewhat 'reassuring'.

We were only a few feet away from the nearest house, when I could see what was happening: buildings were lit up in flames.

Everyone had retreated onto the streets, protecting their mouths and noses like we were. I noticed a middle aged woman crying and yelling near the flames, with a man holding her back. "What's happening?" I asked her. "My baby, my baby!" she was pointing towards a balcony on the third floor. I looked up and saw a small girl, maybe six, crying and waving her arms around. "Where are the firemen?" I asked the man. "I don't know!" he replied, then he turned to the woman "we have to get out of here now Melissa!".

I also saw another building on fire. It appeared to be a factory. "That will explode any minute now!" yelled Amanda, who until now hadn't said a word. She had obviously figured it out too. I nodded. If it explodes, we'll all die.

A lot of the people that had been in the streets moments ago, had disappeared into the forest. I motioned Amanda away "listen to me, you get these people to the forest, okay? I'll save her". She nodded and tugged the woman.

Amanda turned around "promise me you'll NOT die" she yelled across the smoke filtered air. "I promise".

Those words said, I ran into the flaming building.

## Chapter 12 by leila panlilio



I crashed through the iron double doors. Everything around me was on fire. I saw through the smoke and found that I was in a long hallway with a doorway leading to a half destroyed living room and a wide stairway. I coughed as I ran up through the burning stairs.

The fiery, almost burned stairway took pretty long for me to climb up, but eventually, after dashing through the smoke and avoiding falling boards around me, I finally reached the third floor. I found myself in another smoke-filled hallway. I heard screaming from the door nearest to me.

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"It's going to be okay. We'll find our way out," I said softly in her ear. She seemed to calm down a little.

"O-okay.." she sniffled as she looked at me. She had small, branchlike horns and blonde hair. Her brilliantly blue eyes were as big as saucers.

I looked around. Now, I can't escape through the way I came, I thought as I looked behind me and saw the destroyed bedroom. There was only one possible way to escape.

I loomed over the balcony railing, with the girl tightly in my arms. I looked down and saw Amanda shouting something to me within a scattered crowd of people watching above. I looked down and saw an old pile of mattresses the group had managed to make for us to jump to. The jump looked a little risky, but there was no time to lose.

I leaped out at the same time the whole factory exploded behind us, destroying the house as well.

the end

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